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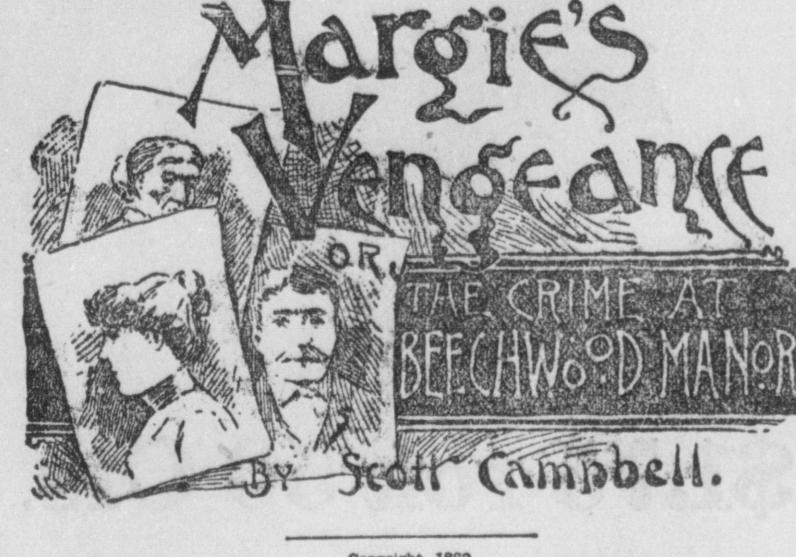
# The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 27.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1889.

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## PART FIRST.

### THE CRIME AT BEECHWOOD MANOR

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Rodney Blackmore lived with his daughter and an old housekeeper in his manor near the Appleton Arms. The keeper of the inn was a queer little lump of humanity, and had numbers of queer guests. One day a young man arrived and strode into the inn. It was Mr. Richard Haggard, who had come down from London in answer to a summons from his uncle, Mr. Rodney Blackmore. A short time after Master Richard's arrival the London coach set down two travellers at the Appleton Arms. One of them, when no one else was looking, was approached by Mr.

"The house with the square roof is Rodney Blackmore's," he whispered. "I'll not fail to realize the other, 'Good,' and Richard Haggard strode away and soon took his departure for his uncle's house.

The next day Rodney Blackmore, in the presence of his solicitor, had Richard Haggard sign a marriage contract. But when he attempted to force his daughter to sign it there was a stormy scene. She flatly refused to do so. Then the old man flew into a towering passion, the son of which sent him from his door, and a long drawn curse after came from his lips. Margie married Graham, and went to the village with him to live. Graham went nightly to the Appleton Arms, and one evening he was seen in a room where he had been confined in a cage. He was roughly handled. A night or two after that Rodney Blackmore was missing in his bedchamber, and the housekeeper saw Geoffrey Graham in the old gentleman's gardens.

After the murder there was great excitement in the village. Rodney Blackmore's house. The coroner and detectives were early on the scene. When Margie arrived Richard Haggard received her kindly, although paternally.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FORGIVING A CHAIN.

The following morning Humphrey Boyden awoke in his room. Mr. Sharp, left his apartment at the Appleton Arms and proceeded directly to Beechwood Manor. The inquest had adjourned when he arrived, and he went into the drawing room where the jury was convened, but he was immediately invited by Sir Roger Amis to a seat by the table at which the coroner sat.

The coroner and strangers in and about the hall and Mr. Sharp carefully took a position near the door, but just inside the room, where he could see the face of the coroner in his examination.

Marky, with her husband, sat in one corner, apart from the others, and sat motionless, her face pale. Her face was very pale, from contrast with the black dress which she wore; and though apparently unconscious of what was going on around her, she lost not a word that was said.

Sir Roger had just begun the examination of Richard Haggard when the coroner, in a sharp, clear, commanding tone, at once riveting attention: and, aside from the rapid questions and answers, there was a death-like silence in the room.

Richard Haggard, pale, but evidently very self-possessed, was standing in the full glare of light from the window, and facing the coroner.

The latter continued:

"You are a nephew of the deceased?"

"I am."

"Are you at home, do you pass your nights at this house?"

"As a general thing, yes—sometimes at the Appleton Arms."

"What is in question?"

"I was at the Appleton Arms."

"At what time did you leave here?"

"About seven o'clock."

"Did you go once to the inn?"

"No, I rode for several miles out on the London highway, returned to the inn, and then made a call at an hour or two."

"Can you say nothing?"

"I should say there were two or three."

"Did you go to the Appleton Arms?"

"I did, and remained till morning."

"Has the deceased been in the habit of having large sums of money in the house?"

"Yes, he was."

"Upon what terms have you lived with him?"

"The best of terms."

"Did you see him alive when?"

"As I mounted my horse and drove from the stable, he stood at his chamber window; he was a short, thin man, and I could see him through the glass.

"At what time did you arrive at the inn?"

"Shortly before 8. I rode through the village, and some two miles beyond, returning as fast as I could."

"I do swear to that!" came in a loud voice from a burly yeoman who stood in the doorway. The coroner looked at him inquiringly.

"He passed me half a mile out of the village, on his return."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Haggard."

The latter bestowed a look of unutterable scorn on the man, who had deemed his testimony to be of great importance.

"I then summoned him slowly and with the coroner, retired to a seat.

Mr. Sharp fished from a corner of his pocket the stub of a pencil, made one or two curious marks, and then said:

"It was a very good, Did you meet Mr. Graham on the way?"

Mrs. Cross hesitated, blushed harder than ever, and at length replied:

"I didn't meet Mr. Graham."

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kitchen, decided to comply with his employer's request. Sauntering carelessly up the stairs, he entered the library, closing the door behind him. He sat in a large chair before the fire, he threw himself lazily into it and crossed his feet in a comfortable position on the tender.

"Well," he said, with an air of insuperable ennui.

Richard Haggard burst into a hearty laugh.

"I should think you were the lord of Beechwood Manor, returned from the grave. Why, man! you forgot yourself!" he laughed.

"No, I don't forget myself," answered Crab in a tone of cool impertinence. "What do you mean?"

"I want you to go to London," replied Haggard sternly, with a foreboding frown on his dark visage.

"I'm all right."

"Sadie my horse, then, and drive up to-day. I shall come by tomorrow's coach."

"I'll be off."

"You can leave the horse at the club stable."

"Well."

"Well—what?"

"Where do I see you in London?"

"You know my address."

"You and I know what a hard card you are to have from the dock, just when you're wanted!"

"You will have no trouble when you wish to go."

"I don't intend to," said Crab, shortly.

"There is no occasion for impertinence—you will do as I say!" cried Haggard, sharply.

"I will do as I please; don't forget that I'm older than you by some years, and had a home before you."

"Then you should know that a cool head and a fearless heart are what tell! You will do as I say!" was the sternest reply.

"Crab, you are right."

"We'll see about that, when I get away from here! Don't you think, my galas, that we hung round here is months for nothing?"

"Pah! do you call it nothing, have found so secure a hiding-place from the hand of justice?" he sneered. "You will not come across me. It's ten to one you'd have been back in Clerkenwell, and before this. Thank you, Mr. Crab, and bid me adieu."

Crab, with a dark, evil countenance, stood silent and silent for several minutes.

"So you want me back here?" he finally asked, with a sneer.

"No, of course not."

"Are you coming back?"

"Not at present; do you think I have any love for you?" he sneered. "No, I shall remain in London." And he smiled thoughtfully at the prospect.

"I'll be off to-morrow," said Crab, grimly.

Richard Haggard drew from his pocket a roll of bank notes.

"There are £20: make it do until I see you."

Crab took the bills, and thrusting them into his pocket started to leave the room; but on reaching the door he turned, and dashed back to say fiercely through his teeth:

"Don't try any game with me. You know what I am."

With a slight, sneering curl of his lip, Richard Haggard waved his hand for him to go.

Crab strode sullenly from the room; went at once to the stable to saddle the boy; and, without a farewell word—not even to Poly Game—was at the end of half an hour away, and had disappeared from view in the great city of London.

The following morning, Richard Haggard, portmanteau in hand, had reached the early coach and was following his group.

Mrs. Crooks carefully set rights to rights in the man's house, and securely locking the door, stepped out at once for Margery Graham's cottage.

Margery met her at the door, and after listening kindly to a statement of her exterior, said:

"So Mr. Haggard has closed Beechwood Manor. He and—go and up to London? Strange—but I, also, intend going to London."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Crooks, non-plussed at the unexpected.

"You are welcome, I suppose; you shall make your home here in my house, it will be better than at the manor. I may return very soon—may, you need not protest, I will not take you away."

So Mrs. Crooks yielded.

Margery spent the remainder of that day in a visit to the county jail, and sat for a long time before her husband's manacles in her own.

Next morning when the lumbering coach drew away from the yard of the manor, Mrs. Crooks was again one of its narrow windows a white, resolute face, beautiful in the classic symmetry of feature, and a pair of dark, determined eyes, in the depths of which glowed a pitiless, venomous light, gazed across the low covered highway, and, as the road wound upward, the gloomy and desolate solitude frowned above the summit of the distant hill.

It was Mrs. Crooks' fate, as Nemesis, following Richard Haggard to London, it was she whom had called the viper in his path.

## PART SECOND.

### THE VIPER.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

We are back in London, whence we started. It was on Christmas eve.

A dark, narrow lane in Cripplegate district, a narrow lane in the gloomy Newgate prison.

The miserable houses presented a most dismal appearance, and the dimly lighted windows were the most dreary of scenes; there was no sign of pavement or sidewalk beneath the deep snow, covering the dirt and mud of the street.

Within these loathsome dwellings swarmed in squalid, pestilential hordes, the poverty-stricken inmates, the small wretched, and an aristocratic host, who had been imbued with the poison of depravity, desperation and crime.

The dark shops were but the mask to "faced" the receivers of stolen goods; the crowded lodging-houses were the skulking places of poverty and want; the iniquitous bondsmen, apprentices and dimly lighted showrooms were the most repulsive of scenes; there was no sign of pavement or sidewalk beneath the deep snow, covering the dirt and mud of the street.

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## STRAWBERRIES.

How They are Grown and Gathered.

A Business that Is Profitable for Experienced Men.

How Mammoth Orders Have Come from the First Modest Shipment.

DIGHTON, June 22, 1889.

"When the sun, the enchanting sun, Tosses beams, She delights each weary corner With her berries fresh and sweet; Sprinkles the earth with dew, And makes stars out of them."

Then from every nook and corner Peeps the dainty strawberry flower."

overcome by hunger, cried, and, in a loud voice, implored pity.

"Sudden she recollects what the lizard had promised her. She drew the onion from her pocket.

"Can you give me something to eat?" she asked.

"Immediately," replied the little vegetable.

On instant a little table appeared, with a delicious dinner spread upon it.

And Solina, after eating with the greatest relish, took the little knife which the old woman had given her.

"Can you open that door?"

"In a moment," replied the knife.

And on the floor was cut in two, holes for the feet and hands.

Immediately an enormous flock of goats appeared.

"Come to us, wish," asked the largest.

"Go into the fields and devour all the grass and herbs."

In an instant the vines, the garden and the lands belonging to the farmer were ravaged.

The princess then left the house, and walked and walked until she reached a small town, where she found a physician, son, who was very ill.

All the physicians in the kingdom had been called in consultation, but none of them could tell what was the matter with the boy.

Solina said, "He is ill. He seemed, however, perfectly rational.

But he had strange fits, and grew worse and worse.

One day, as he was seated at his window, he saw Solina pass.

"Oh, I cry," he cried, "what a homely creature! I never saw one like her! Make her come here."

In vain the king and the courtiers sought to bring him from this strange desire.

"She must come," he cried.

"Will you enter my son's service?" asked the king.

"I am very willing," replied the princess.

"Thanks," said the lizard.

"Take this for reward. And it gave Solina an onion."

"But what am I to do with this?" she asked.

"Keep it. Some day it will be useful to you."

Solina put it in her pocket and continued

her journey. Suddenly she heard a plaintive cry. She looked around her, and finally discovered a little lizard, which was lying on the grass moaning with pain.

"Why do you cry?" asked Solina, bending over it.

"A naughty child took me. I have lost the end of my tail and broken it to pieces."

The princess, however, pitied the poor lizard, and gave it the little onion.

"Thanks," said the lizard.

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"But what am I to do with this?" she asked.

"Keep it. Some day it will be useful to you."

Solina put it in her pocket and continued

her journey. After walking some distance, she met an old woman carrying a sack of grain on her head. The sack broke and the grain fell upon the ground. The poor woman began to lament.

"Do not weep," said the princess to her.

"I will gather up the wheat that has fallen from the sack."

"Ah!" replied the poor woman, "all the grains are scattered, and there are none missing. You can never gather them up again."

Bending over the ground, with a remarkable patience Solina gathered up every grain.

"Thank you, my good girl," said the woman.

"Here, take this for your reward!"

And she gave her a little knife with two blades.

"What am I to do with this?" asked the princess.

"Guard it precious. Some day it will be useful to you."

She put it in her pocket and continued

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## THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Six young persons, while rowing on the Hudson as Bath, N. Y., June 25, were run down by a tug and drowned.

The second complement of men and material for the construction of the Panama canal has been sent to the city of Panama.

General Washington is to the effect that an extra session of Congress probably will be called to meet about the 1st of November.

The one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the battle of Monmouth was observed at Freehold, N. J., Friday, with appropriate exercises.

John Morris, who was awaiting trial for the murder of his wife, hanged himself in his cell in the jail at Philadelphia with a pocket handkerchief early Friday morning.

Troops have been ordered to the Flat Head Indian reservation in Montana to restore order and permit the arrest of three Indians, murderers wanted by the civil authorities.

The Canadian customs authorities have ordered the release of the schooner *Warrior*, which was seized a few days ago at Halifax, N. S., on charges of smuggling a barrel of oil from Boston.

Senator Ingalls is reported to have given the following brief, but graphic description of the present condition of the country. "The Prohibitionists have the law and the boys; we have the whiskey, and they are all happy."

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Rev. R. J. Burns, deputy postmaster at Kingston, Ont., has been arrested on a charge of having embezzled \$3,000 while in charge of the post office and carrier department. He was promoted to the deputy postmaster two months ago.

A fire Friday morning destroyed the Burton block, corner of Van Buren and Clinton streets, Chicago. Fire and water damage to business interests were located in the building. The loss on the building is estimated at \$50,000, and the contents at \$20,000.

About 100 citizens of the town of Newchase and forwarded to Major George G. Armes at Washington, a gold medal, which was presented to him for his services in the cause of his country.

Letters from Port au Prince have been received at the Hawaiian court, which state that there was no material change in the condition of affairs in that country. Legitimacy was in supreme control, and would probably retain the reins of government.

It is stated on the reputed authority of Sir John Macdonald, that the Canadian government has proposed to the United States government that they abolish the import and export duties on lumber, providing the Washington authorities reciprocate in like manner.

A plan of organization agreed upon between the Union Pacific engineers and firemen and the road have rendered a decision in favor of the employees. Managers, firemen, and engineers will be entitled to wages will be restored and will date back to May 15, the time of the reduction.

The wisdom of planting willows has been urged by the government, and the government engineer in charge of the Potomac river improvements states that where willows were planted the land was protected.

Jackson and Sangin was terribly bruised, and will probably die.

It is proposed to break up the practice of sightseeing in government buildings on the Washington monument at Washington, it is proposed to increase the fine for this act of \$100 to \$1,000 and require at least that amount of contraband from persons arrested for thus defacing the monument.

This year there have been fewer strikes this year than during the same period of the last three years. It is reported that since January there have been reported 294 strikes, involving 76,110 strikers, and 1,389 strikes and 111,201 strikers in 1888, and 611 strikes and 212,317 strikes in 1887.

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The Treasury Department has allowed the appeal of the seaboard, Co. of Cotton to an over-valuation of duty on certain New Zealand wool. The article in question is neither flag nor hemp, and is used by cotton manufacturers in the place of sail and grating, and the department is in favor of the proper classification of the article.

The annual cost to the growers of cotton for the bagging used in baling their cotton crop is estimated at \$100,000,000, or to \$5,000,000. The question as to whether jute or cotton bagging shall be used is attracting much interest. The New Orleans exchange, however, is in favor of cotton in favor of the adoption of the cotton bagging.

Government officers have succeeded in capturing Ed Reed, the son of the famous Bell, who was wanted for a dozen charges, and with the conspicuous in the criminal trials of the West, he openly marched from San Francisco to the mountains, with a number of stolen horses and proceeded to sell them, when he was arrested.

The American Institute of Homeopathy at Philadelphia has issued a circular letter opposed to the indiscriminate use of cocaine, and with the conspicuous in the criminal trials of the West, he openly marched from San Francisco to the mountains, with a number of stolen horses and proceeded to sell them, when he was arrested.

Walter Hause, a man from Lancaster, Pa., murdered his wife on June 24, at Springfield, Ill., and then committed suicide by shooting himself. About six months ago, Hause had sold his wife \$1,000 worth of much of her husband's money as she could get hold of abandoned her home and fled with another man. Later the couple located in Springfield, where they opened a butcher shop.

The fire at Johnstown, Penn., June 24, totally destroyed 25 houses, including the large brick house of the manager. Many buildings had been washed from their foundations, though many of them contained household goods which had been saved from the flood, a great portion of these goods was saved. The workmen made remarkable progress during the day in clearing up the debris.

The report that German and his Apache followers were to be returned to the Indian reservation in Arizona is said to be without any foundation in fact. But a proposition is under consideration to return this band of tract of land, possibly in the mountainous region of North Carolina, and place the Indians upon it, where they can be more or less self-sufficient and a more perfect civilization.

As Albany, N. Y., despatch says that the large block of land in the Adirondacks now owned by the W. D. Davis estate, has been put into the control of a syndicate. The purchase covers 380,000 acres, and the purchase price is nearly \$500,000. Spruce, hemlock, little pine, and other kinds of hard wood, principally birch and maple, are on the land. One member of the syndicate is a son of the late George Davis, and was deposed of possession. Another bought Butterfield's claim.

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was declared ineligible by the council, and a new election was ordered, in which Caples was elected by 16 majority.

The Roman Catholic order known as the Knights of Columbus has an annual convention at Washington last week.

Six murderers are under sentence of death, and will probably be executed on the same day, in New York, of the execution of the condemned. The city of Gloucester.

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## BILL NYE ON BEES.

Or Rather, the Bees on Poor William.

Studying How to Cross the Queen With the Plymouth Rock Hen.

Insects that Swarm Just as the Farmer Has His Face Half Shaved.

[Copyright 1880, by Edgar W. Nye.]

It is now the appropriate season for hiving bees. Bees should not be hived until they swarm. Bees begin to swarm as soon as the new queen takes the path of office. The queen is a long-waited for, and the bees are the proper brokers to the order Hymenoptera.

Miranda—Wasn't it scandalous?

Edgar—I never thought of it. By the way, do you think she would lend it to me?

Miranda—She has lent it to me, dear; but when I have read it I think you can borrow it.

Edgar—How's your engagement?

Edgar—It was in Montana, and the road agent who stood at the stage door when they stopped us took my overcoat and the season's receipts.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Reader: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy